

The Salt Lake Herald.

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VISIONS OF AN IDAHO PROPHET.

An Idaho man has discovered that the state which has the honor to claim him as a citizen is going to lose from fifteen to twenty millions that would otherwise be invested there unless McKinley is elected to succeed himself. He does not say just how he arrives at his figures or his conclusion, but that is immaterial in a case like this. He might as well have said from one hundred to one hundred and fifty millions, and he would have been believed as readily. He offers to furnish proof of his assertions, and no doubt he could; if he couldn't find it elsewhere he could readily get it by applying to M. Hanna, Philanthropist, Chicago, Cleveland, New York and Washington. Proof of that sort in a national campaign would be as easy as typewriting.

But while the Idaho man is estimating, he ought to include the amount of money his state has already lost by the withdrawal of capital from her mines; he ought to count the number of enterprises that have been wrecked by McKinley's gold policy. Then he ought to estimate the thousands of men who would be employed if silver were rehabilitated. Then he should figure the results to Idaho if the silver in the treasury were dumped on the market as bullion to make way for national bank notes based on an interest-bearing bonded debt—a fact which will be accomplished if the present administration is continued in office.

The old talk of a financial scare for political effect has been worked so long it is threadbare, but is revived again this year by men like the Idaho prophet with a vigor and freshness that shows how low an estimate some men place on the intelligence of the American people.

If that Idaho man has been seeing things at night and talking about them next day, he may have a valid excuse for such futile twaddle; but if he talks this way in dead earnest and expects people in the mining region to believe it, he ought to take a soporific and sleep it off. Or quit eating pie at night.

AS TO BALLOT PRIMARIES.

There is considerable opposition to the adoption of the primary law for the coming Democratic primaries. The committee is to consider the subject again at its next meeting today and it is understood an effort will be made to reconsider the action already taken and revert to the old method of nomination by district mass conventions.

So far as the principle of a secret ballot for primary nominations goes, The Herald believes there can be no valid objection. It gives an opportunity for the expression of independent opinion which cannot be had in a convention. It attracts the best class of voters—men and women who do not take part in primaries now because they know their efforts are too likely to be nullified by packed conventions and the manipulations of interested workers.

The objections, therefore, to a primary by ballot must be founded on practical considerations to have any weight. If the time is too short for the experiment this fall, or if it is found impossible to devise a simple method of holding the primaries in the short time left, then the committee will be justified in postponing the adoption of the ballot primary. But if it is urged to reconsider by men who are afraid of a secret ballot then their wishes deserve no thought.

The fact that a number of conservative party men are against the plan this year indicates that they think it impracticable, but that is the only reason that can be accepted against it. The people who do the voting and are not usually active in party affairs will approve of it if a way can be found to put it into effect; and this is cause enough for an earnest effort to make it workable.

ON VERTICAL WRITING.

With the approach of school, the friends and opponents of the vertical writing system have begun a hot discussion of its merits and demerits. The educational press is full of it, and daily newspapers all over the country are getting communications on both sides of the question. It is argued that the vertical system is slow in performance, lacks individuality and results in a loss of time that more than offsets any advantage claimed for it. On the other hand, the advocates of the upright letter urge that it gives neatness, plainness and exactness to the writing, and that it can be used with ample facility for all practical purposes.

Both sides seem to have overlooked one of the chief objections to vertical writing, namely, that the receiver of a letter addressed in the new style is unable to tell at a glance whether it is written by a school girl or an antique maiden; whether it comes from a lawyer, a grocer or a collection agency. Barring this almost fatal defect, it is likely the public will be willing to let the experiment now in progress here as elsewhere be tried to a conclusion. The individual who has learned to write in his youth is apt to make the style conform to his own notions anyway after he reaches mature years; and the signature on a good check will always look well whether it is made in horizontal or vertically drawn vertical strokes. It isn't the form, but the substance that counts.

HOPE OF WATER DEFERRED.

Not by way of invidious criticism, but in the interest of the public welfare, The Herald wishes to call attention anew to the delay in getting that new water system in place. The \$40,000 sprinkling system, it is conceded, cannot be completed in time to be of any value this season. It is out of the debate. Now, however, it is fairly plain that the \$60,000 pipe-laying job is also to be deferred until the city can reap no benefit from it this season or at least not until just before election, when its practical benefit will be largely political. The Jordan canal work also seems to have met with obstacles that will defer its blessings until another year.

It may be that there are good reasons for all this delay, but if there are, the city engineer has been slow to discover them. He has provided the contractor as though he really thought that fortunate individual ought to be doing something, and the board of public works has added its voice to the hurry-up campaign. The community, of course, is taking what it can get, and will be duly thankful if the pipes are ever laid. Having voted the money for the work it has nothing more to say—unless by chance it should conclude to make a few remarks in writing at the polls when the men responsible for this dereliction come up for consideration.

MAKING A TRACT.

E. Beauregard Phelps of Brooklyn knows more now than he did a week ago, but he is not looking for any more information of the same kind. E. Beauregard had a quarrel with his wife and pretended to drink poison from a large black bottle. She shrieked and then called the police hospital corps. They came and smelled his breath.

E. Beauregard was given something, then he was trotted around the block fourteen times by an unsympathetic policeman. Later he was rolled on a barrel, stood on his head and otherwise practiced in gymnastics. After a session of three weary hours he caught his breath long enough to explain that he had taken whiskey instead of poison, and the unfeeling doctors told him they had known it all along. E. Beauregard's experience is being circulated now as a temperance tract. He has retired from the suicide business, and quit drinking. Tract making, he says, is too much like work.

It may be of interest to Utah sugar beet growers to know that Prof. E. D. Ball of the Colorado Agricultural college has discovered a new pest in the beet fields of that state. He labels it the "leaf cure," and states that it is neither a parasite nor a fungus, but a physiological condition of the beet leaf. It is alleged that the disease has affected the beet fields of California so seriously that many sugar factories have been closed down, and that Claus Spreckles, the sugar king, is now in Europe investigating the subject. We have heard of no complaints from Utah beet growers concerning this disease, nor any of the numerous pests that seem to trouble the growers of other states. Utah seems to be immune from the evils that afflict other sections of the country.

Bishop C. H. Fowler of the Methodist church, who is attending the Utah conference in this city, is one of the great orators of the church, and has few equals as a speaker in public life today. He gives his lecture on Abraham Lincoln at the First Methodist church tonight, and The Herald bespeaks a large audience for him. The great president's personality, his greatness as a man and as chief executive are described in a style as attractive as it is forceful. The bishop's voice and delivery are magnificent, and those who go to hear him may be assured of an oratorical treat.

The council did the proper thing in making an appropriation for the removal of the railroad tracks in the southern streets of the city. Taxable valuations will increase enough as a result to make the money spent a good investment, and the residents in that vicinity will find some comfort in living and traveling thereabouts.

A Hackensack preacher commands the women to keep their heads covered in his church, quoting St. Paul's mandate to that effect. But the preacher didn't venture to quote Paul's command that women should obey their husbands. Even a New Jersey preacher has a limit to his courage.

A Boston maiden rises to ask in a five-page review: "How can we become self-centered?" If she will consult the man who is studying the demands of a wife and five children when his salary is \$15 a week she can find all about becoming self-centered.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mrs. Hoyt Sherman entertained a number of friends at the circus last night.

Miss Scholts of Springfield, Ill., is visiting friends in this city.

Miss Emma Suteland leaves this week for the east where she will enter school.

Mrs. Hanauer entertains at luncheon today.

Miss Isabel Monahan of Provo is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Leroy Meale and daughter are the guests of Mrs. Charles Frye.

Miss Nell Forsythe, principal of the Ninth school, is spending her vacation very pleasantly in Skagway.

Miss Louise Harrison has returned from Idaho Falls where she has been an instructor in a summer school.

Miss Vivian Williams, daughter of Mrs. C. B. Williams, is expected home from the east Sunday.

MADAME LI HUNG CHANG.

(New York Sun.)

The wife of Li Hung Chang is said to be the most liberal of all the Chinese women of her position, and through her husband's sympathy with some of the foreign devils, succeeded in acquiring more education than any woman in a similar place. She is now 55 years old, but is said to look twenty years younger, as a result of the care which she has always bestowed to her personal appearance. After her marriage to the viceroys she continued her studies under his direction, and has always been the most accessible of the titled women. She has been especially cordial to Americans, chiefly as the result of her experience with the missionary doctors, although she took the trouble to show her gratitude to a much more material form. Before the French war she was ill with a complicated sickness that her own skill—she has made a study of medicine—and the treatment of the native physician were unable to alleviate. Two American doctors—a man and woman attached to the mission at Tien Tsin—were called in, and through their efforts she was restored to health. She presented a dispensary to the missionaries at Tien Tsin and her husband did the same. But they did not feel that their obligation had ended with these gifts, and they have been from that time shown great hospitality and friendliness to American friends. In other particulars she represents the most results of what western sympathies, or at least tolerance for western civilization, may accomplish in the case of a Chinese of high rank.

In her way of life she has clung, however, with strictness to the customs of her own country. She lives in her palace, surrounded by her women-in-waiting, the center of a little court, as are all women of her rank. The riches of her husband and her own position have somewhat greater luxury than the viceroys' wives usually know, and her diamonds are said to be the finest in the empire. She is said to look after the details of her household administration personally. As more than 1,000 servants are employed there, her duties are serious and are combined with her labors as to what would be called treasurer of her household. She is said to have made her reputation as a leader in fashions by inventing fifty different ways in which her glossy black hair could be dressed, although it is probable that to the average American they would all look alike. Her feet are as small as those of the Chinese women of rank, and only by being carried three hours in the fresh air each day is she able to make a pretense at the exercise of European women. Oil of orange and acacia bloom are said to be the component parts of the bath which she takes twice daily, and out of the fifty coiffures her favorite is the style called "The Chinese girl's hair," a beast supposed to be the guardian of all good women. The hair is twisted into the shape of what might, to the ardent eastern imagination, appear to be a dragon, and in what is intended to be its mouth a white lotus flower is placed.

SOUND FINANCE.

(New York Journal.)

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, a venerable ex-mayor of this city, Democratic in flag, but Republican in principles, has this to say about the possibilities of the presidency:

A president hostile to a sound system of finance could not expect to bring about financial convulsion and work almost irreparable calamity to the business interests of the country.

Here is the old cry of the capitalists, "Business interests and calamity." "Give us our money back," they cry, "in the name of the honor of the flag."

By a strange dispensation of fate, ex-Mayor Hewitt is a very successful Democrat. Scratch a very wealthy Democrat and nine times out of ten you will find a Republican. The Republican, it is said, swings its worshippers into the path of a single belief, no matter what they may call themselves.

It is not strange, therefore, that ex-Mayor Hewitt should find himself lined up with the Republicans.

But why should he make such a pother over the power of a president duly elected by the people and supposed to labor for the interests of the people, to wreak irreparable financial calamity upon them? Ex-Mayor Hewitt is a very successful Democrat. Scratch a very wealthy Democrat and nine times out of ten you will find a Republican. The Republican, it is said, swings its worshippers into the path of a single belief, no matter what they may call themselves.

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IMPERIALISM AND THE WEST.

(Denver News.)

The money spent in the prosecution of the Philippine war, if expended in the reclamation of the arid west, would furnish homes for thousands of Americans and provide a market for the products of American mills and factories greater than though we had the exclusive right to furnish manufactured goods to 100,000,000 Asiatics. One self-respecting, intelligent American citizen would be worth more than ten times as much of modern products as an Asiatic, whose wants are limited to a yard of cotton, which he loaves, and a piece of rice, which he raises himself.

In later years the thoughtful historian will regard with amazement the action of an American administration, which while it was enriching the treasury with the enormous value of the land which it had no right to take, and which was doing nothing to better the lot of the people.

When the motives underlying the imperialistic policy are uncovered it will be found that the influences which control the McKinley administration do not want to build up the industrial and political power of the west, their supremacy will be infinitely better assured by the acquisition of 100,000,000 of subjects in Asia than by the addition to the western states of 10,000,000 of industrious, independent and intelligent citizens, casting a free ballot against industrial and financial monopolies.

The imperialistic policy is a deadly blow at the development of the west, industry, financially and politically, is a piece of the policy which struck down the silver mining industry.

THE ELECTRIC FAN.

(W. J. L. in New York Sun.)

Oh, yes, I've got a cold.

A summer cold.

The measure of its race.

The flock of lesser ills.

How did I get it?

Please ask me something hard.

It got it.

Sitting underneath a fan.

Or feathered finery.

Or the power of Jap.

Swayed lazily.

By some fair lady's hand.

At lightning speed.

At lightning speed.

The popular electric fan.

The tempter.

Of an overrated man.

The terror.

Of the summer time.

Into his cool case.

Unhappily, gave myself.

And sinking at its base.

Into easy chair.

I let the music.

Of its soothing whirr.

All me to sleep.

Methodist I floated on the wings.

Of angels fresh from Shadyland.

And turned the perspiration.

On my burning brow.

To a gleaming of perspiration.

I dreamed of babbling brooks.

That told of springs.

And that of shade.

Of sweet, sequestered woods.

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SHORT STORIES.

Would You Wear a Queue?

(August Success.)

When I first visited Shanghai I met an American with his head shaved and a queue down his back. I looked at him and wanted to laugh. I thought it would take a great deal to make me make such a fool of myself. But when he introduced me to others with loose clothes, queues, shaved heads and all, I began to take up the matter more seriously, and when I went up to Chin-Ning-Show, in the province of Shanghai, I found it necessary to don the native garb in order to appease the minds of the "know-nothings." There and there only did my semi-baldness stand me in good stead, for I was able to wear the queue without indulging in the unpleasantness of a head shave.

Street Car Manners.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Street car manners are a perpetual source of entertainment to me," said a local professional man who spends something like an hour a day on one of the electric lines. "Not long ago I noticed a young woman occupying the aisle end of a seat in a combination car. Presently a well-dressed woman came aboard and stopped alongside of the girl.

"The latter evidently liked the end seat and made herself as small as possible so the newcomer could crowd by her and take the next seat. But no. The well-dressed woman gave the girl a shocking scowl and harshly remarked: 'Oh, move along, can't you?'

"Now mark the sequel. A little later one of the occupants of the same seat moved out, and at about the same time a weary looking workman with a long bundle stepped forward to take the vacant place. Did that dictatorial female move up and make room for him? Not much.

"Can't you find a seat somewhere else?" she snapped.

"Probably he didn't understand her. Anyway, he smiled and crowded past, and in doing so managed to turn his long bundle around in such a way that it knocked the unpleasant woman's hat completely off her frizzly head.

"And I laughed so over this bit of practical justice that I almost fell off my seat."

The Irishman's Bluff.

(The Lost Cause.)

One day a gentleman not connected with the army was riding to overtake Lewis' Kentucky brigade, then serving as mounted infantry, and operating between Augusta and Marietta, Ga., after Sherman had reached the latter city. The brigade, reduced to a few hundred by four years active service in the field, had just marched through a little village, where the gentleman saw an Irishman, in which dwelt an old Irishman and his spouse, and, tipping his hat, a soldier, inquired if they had seen any rebels passing. The old lady, seeing that the interrogator had on a blue army overcoat, naturally of Federal lineage, and the advance of a federal column in pursuit, and, being a true southerner, she sought to do the cause of a service by once striking terror into the enemy's ranks. She therefore answered:

"Yes, sir, they have just been after marchin' through, and there was twenty thousand of them if there was a single morn'."

The gentleman thanked her for the information, and again tipping his hat, a soldier, turned his horse's head in the direction of the "twenty thousand" and, the old man, then, thinking that the exaggeration had not been sufficiently convincing, ceased the vigorous whiffing at his pipe long enough to call after the supposed federal column:

"Yes, sir, that's every word the truth, it is. And they were dommed big min at that!"

FATE OF THE ROBBER.

(Omaha World-Herald.)

One day Criminal Aggression brought himself up to the bar of the Adjutant General. Realizing that his aspect was repellent he concluded to secure a disguise.

"After Looking about for a Time, Criminal Aggression made note of the Approach of Captain Habington and after Donning Them I will be in a Position to Do Things without Fear."

So saying, Criminal Aggression awaited Benevolent Assimilation over the Caput and Denuded her of Her Robes. In due time the robe was removed and the Captain Pike rigged out in the Habilliments of Benevolent Assimilation.

But Criminal Aggression had Overlooked a Wager. He had Forgotten to Disguise His Ferocious Teeth and He still wore a Slouch Hat and Swaggared.

The Result was that when the Honest Peoples saw Him they Immediately Performed their Plain Duty and Ducked Him in the Sea of Deserved Condemnation and Obliv